For now I ſpie a danger, I intreat you,
To bring but fiue and twentie; to no more
Will I giue place or notice.
Lear. I gaue you all.
Reg. And in good time you gaue it.
Lear. Made you my guardians, my depoſitaries,
But kept a reſeruation to be followed
With ſuch a number: what must I come to you
With fiue and twentie, *Regan* ſaid you ſo?
Reg. And ſpeak't againe my Lord, no more with me.
Lear. Thoſe wicked creatures yet do ſeem wel fauor'd
When others are more wicked; not being the worſt
Stands in ſome ranke of prayſe: Ile goe with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double fiue and twentie,
And thou art twice her loue.
Gon. Heare me my Lord,
What need you fiue and twentie, tenne, or fiue,
To follow in a houſe, where twiſe ſo many
Haue a commaund to tend you.
Regan. What needes one?
Lear. O reaſon not the deed! our baſeſt beggers,
Are in the pooreſt thing ſuperfluous,
Allow not nature more then nature needes,
Mans life as cheape as beaſts: thou art a Lady;
If onely to goe warme were gorgeous,
Why nature needes not, what thou gorgeous weareſt
Which ſcarcely keepes thee warme, but for true need:
You heauens giue me that patience, patience I need,
You ſee me here (you Gods) a poore old fellow,
As full of greefe as age, wretched in both,
If it be you that ſtirres theſe daughters hearts
Againſt their Father, foole me not to much,
To beare it lamely, touch me with noble anger;
O let not womens weapons, water drops
Staine my mans cheekes: no you vnnaturall hags,
I will haue ſuch reuenges on you both,
That all the world ſhall, I will doe ſuch things,
What they are yet I know not, but they ſhalbe

The

The terrors of the earth: you thin
No ile not weepe, I haue full cauſ
But this heart ſhall breake, in a r
Or ere ile weepe: O foole I ſhall
Exeunt Lear, Leiſter
Duke. Let vs withdraw, twil
Reg. This houſe is little the o
Cannot be well beſtowed.
Gon. Tis his own blame hath
And muſt needs taſt his folly.
Reg. For his particuler, ile re
But not one follower.
Duke. So am I puspos'd: wher
Reg. Followed the old man fo
Glo. The King is in high rage,
Reg. Tis good to giue him way,
Gon. My Lord, intreat him by
Glo. Alack the night comes o
Do ſorely ruffel; for many mile
Reg. O ſir, to wilfull men
The iniuries that they themſelu
Muſt be their ſchoolemaſters; ſh
He is attended with a deſperat
And what they may incenſe hin
To haue his eare abuſd, wiſedo
Duke. Shut vp your doores m
My *Reg.* counſails well, come ou
Enter Kent and a Gentlem
Kent. Whats here beſide fo
Gent. One minded like the
Kent. I know you, whers t
Gent. Contending with the
Bids the wind blow the earth i
Or ſwell the curled waters bou
That things might change, or
Which the impetuous blaſts w
Catch in their furie, and make
Striues in his little world of ma

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